

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, June 30, 1804.

[No. 91]

## THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

## CHAPTER V.

(Continued from page 298.)

LOUISA became reconciled to her new situation: she had seldom experienced a mother's fondness, and she soon ceased to remember her who bore the appellation; but her father's name was ever on her lips; and every instance of kind indulgence shown her by Mrs. Howard, made her express a grateful wish, "that her dear papa could see how good her new mamma was to her!" Mr. Howard, too, soon began to feel for her an affection little short of what he experienced towards his own: indeed, her many engaging ways endeared her to all the household. Among the numerous letters Mrs. Howard received from her friends, the following is only necessary to be transcribed.

*Lady Torpid to Mrs. Howard.*

"Well, my worthy matron, strange changes happen in this eventful world. Here am I, the remains of the once gay, beautiful Harriet Franklin, metamorphosed into a Baronet's Lady, sitting in a plain callico dress, with a huge morning cap, vigilantly rocking the cot of a son, born, I hope, to inherit the virtues and honors of the noble Sir Tancred Torpid. You cannot imagine

what a tame creature I am: my paint is thrown away; my jewels are laid aside; my loud, rattling voice is altered to a lisping lullaby; and yet I exist, aye, and happily too. Sir Tancred is grown sprightly and animated: he plays the flute to amuse little Alonzo, (for I insisted on his having that sweet name,) and very often tosses the poor little creature about till I am terrified for its limbs; and he moreover declares he is more amusing than Ponto. You must know Alonzo is very much like Sir Tancred, which is one reason for his preference, you know. Mrs. Villars called on me the other day, and brought me intelligence which shocked me greatly, and made me thank heaven for my fortunate escape. Poor Warren! I pity him much. You know I never admired his doll like wife. He is now, I believe persuaded of the truth of what I once told him, that *simplicity* is not always the security of virtue. But who would have thought of her falling into the hands of that wretch Colonel Midgely? Oh, Eliza, from what a snare did I escape! If any thing could serve more firmly to bind me to the path of rectitude, this new example would effectually do it. I cannot write more at present. Sir Tancred has brought a book to read to me; you cannot think how he improves. Devoutly do I wish you could take a peep at us just now; I am sure you would smile; but it would be a smile of satisfaction. Oh, I must tell you that Mrs. Warren the

elder is no more: an event the family have little cause to regret; as Henry has long been in trifling misunderstandings with his father on her account, and her extravagance has greatly tended to embarrass their finances. Had this occurred sooner, it is probable Warren might have longer delayed his union with Louisa. But who can anticipate? Adieu, my friend; I leave you for the preparation of pap, the rattling of a coral, and the melodious accents of Sir Tancred, who begs my attention to a chapter of Mrs. More's *Strictures*. Oh, wonderful alteration!—Adieu, adieu.

*H. TORPID."*

Eliza laughed at this whimsical epistle; but she was rejoiced to find that Harriet was happy in the performance of her maternal duties. Howard partook of her satisfaction, and again their days passed on in their usual tranquility.

## CHAPTER VI.

The generous Guardian—News from the Continent—  
An Orphan's Gratitude—And the conclusion.

THE little cheerful circle at Howard Lodge experienced no interruption of their innocent serenity, till one evening, about the beginning of June, when the whole party were assembled in the garden, devising various sports, a beautiful butterfly excited the admiration of Louisa, who without any



intention of killing, delighted herself with the pursuit of it round the garden. The insect flew across the small canal; and Louisa, intent only on its beautiful wings, with one heedless step plunged into the water, Mrs. Howard shrieked: Emma affrighted, clung round her neck; and Mr. Howard, darting towards the canal, threw himself in to recover the lovely child, who had already sunk. Howard dived after her, and soon regained the bank, where his wife stood in breathless agony. Louisa was, to all appearance, dead. Emma wept over her dear companion: and Mrs. Howard was obliged to be conveyed to her chamber. Howard fortunately succeeded in reviving his little charge, flew with her to Eliza's apartment, where his now hoarse voice first reminded her that he had remained two hours in his wet cloaths. Alarmed for his safety, she soon prepared every possible preventive, but, to her extreme sorrow, she found his cold increase every hour, and, before morning, he was seized with an intermitting fever, which the medical gentlemen who were sent for, declared to be highly dangerous; and Eliza, as usual, when he was indisposed, watched beside him with unceasing assiduity. Things were in this situation, when a courier arrived in haste with a letter to Mrs. Howard: the hand was not familiar to her, and she opened it with trepidation, which increased to the most poignant distress, as she read these words written by Mrs. Villars:

"Dear Madam,

"My mind is at present too much agonized to prepare you for the melancholy event I have to relate, and I am sure you will participate my sorrow with sisterly concern. My poor brother, Madam, is no more. Louisa is an orphan. But I will endeavor to be coherent. You know a considerable time has elapsed since Henry's departure, and we have all experienced some anxiety at his long silence, which the following account from yesterday's Chronicle accounts for.

Brussels, March 30.

"An affair of honor took place here yesterday between the Rev. H. Warren and Colonel Midgeley, both English gentlemen; the latter of whom, it seems, had been accompanied to Brussels by Mrs. Warren, who immediately

wished to return to her husband's protection; but the duel terminating in favor of the Colonel, they have again absconded; and we are concerned to state, that Mr. Warren has since died of his wounds."

Eliza laid down the letter. Her sensations may surely be forgiven; they were pure as friendship itself could dictate: a burst of tears relieved her and she again read,

"What a dreadful narrative this is for a sister to read! Mrs. Howard I am almost distracted; for if ever a heart full of honor and integrity beat in a human breast, that heart was Henry's. Now, dear Madam, I must entreat you and Mr. Howard still to keep Louisa. Dear orphan, I could not bear her presence, and tremble to communicate this intelligence to my father; but the sad task must be performed, as he must certainly go over to see every necessary duty performed. Oh what calamity has that poor misguided woman brought upon us!—Adieu, dear Madam.

Exeter.

I am yours, &c.

MARIA VILLARS."

When Howard awoke from his slumber, Eliza communicated to him the contents of this epistle. He expressed sincere concern, but was too ill to take further notice; and his increasing danger took from Eliza every other care. The crisis approached; Howard could not live another day; and he expressed a wish to see the children. He embraced them both. Louisa took his burning hand,—"Are you very, very ill, Sir?" "Yes, my love, Mr. Howard is very ill," said Mrs. Howard, while tears streamed down her cheeks. "Eliza," said Howard, faintly, "do not weep, for your kind solicitude would almost make me arraign the order of Mercy. Life must be dear to me when Eliza wishes it—But I must die." "Die!" cried Louisa; "my dear new papa die! Oh, no, no. Why did you not let me be drowned? for Fanny says it is all through saving me that you got cold; and I'm sure papa, I will go in again, if you will but live." Her sobs now, with those of Emma, who had fallen on his neck, disturbed him, and Mrs. Howard was obliged to sooth them. He then took her hand: "Dear, dear Eliza," said he, "your exemplary conduct makes you seem to me

now more than mortal; and I leave you in the happy assurance that we shall meet again. But cheer your spirits my love; the world has yet many gay scenes for you. Your youth, your virtues must not be blighted thus early. Protect these beloved children; let them be sisters in love and fortune; rear them in imitation of your own perfections; and be assured I leave this world happy in you, and at peace with my own heart. Never have I had a moment's cause but to bless the hour that first gave you to me. Let me embrace my children—Eliza!"—The last word faltered on his lips. Mrs. Howard threw her arms round him; the children clung to her knees; and Howard breathed his last sigh on her bosom.

The cries of Louisa and Emma soon brought the servants to the room, and they bore her senseless from the body of her husband. Grateful friendship, in the mind of a virtuous woman, will often rise superior to passion; and such was the sentiment Eliza had experienced for Howard. His worth, his affections, had endeared him to her; his child had cemented the bond of esteem; and the consciousness that she had conducted herself to his satisfaction, and contributed to his happiness to the last moment, afforded her the only consolation she was now capable of experiencing: but her spirits had received a double shock, and her health gradually declined. Lady Torpid and Mrs. Herbert were both at Bath, and pressing in their entreaties that she would join them there; to enforce which, Mrs. Herbert herself came, and assisted her friend through the sad solemnity that was to be performed, and then almost forcibly compelled her to return with her to Bath. Choice, not etiquette, induced Eliza to live totally secluded. The children grew healthy and amusing, and Mrs. Howard preferred their society to any other.

(To be continued.)

#### MALE SWINDLER.

[From the Philadelphia Evening Post.]

MR. M'CORKLE—Having read in your paper an account of a most extraordinary Female Swindler, I hand you the narrative of as extraordinary a Male Swindler, near on a par.



Few swindlers have equalled Tom Bell, of Boston, who figured about sixty years ago the most accomplished and adroit of villains. This young man had a liberal education. He was handsome, well proportioned, a majestic carriage, and of so engaging and easy address, as to win the good opinion of all he wished to deceive. But at length his villainy was discovered, and he was obliged to leave his native city. He played many tricks on his way to Philadelphia, but escaped. When he reached the city, he was well drest, and had money at command to take the best lodgings.—His fascinating manners were irresistible, and attracted the notice of people of rank. His company was sedulously courted by all, but he did not reign long undiscovered, with all his cunning. Nearly had he married a lovely young lady of fortune and family, when one of his countrymen very opportunely came to the city, hearing great clattering in praise of a Mr. Bell, and suspecting it to be Tom, contrived to have a squint at him, and having recognised the scoundrel, made it known who he was. This put an end to the match, and Tom departed for the island of Barbadoes, where he arrived safe, and assumed the name of Burnet, son of the governor of Boston. He took a grand lodging, bought an elegant carriage; and had servants in livery. All this attracted the attention of gentlemen of distinction; he had invitations daily to their houses, and noble preparations were made for a governor's son. O! the sweet creature! cried the young ladies—O! that he would fancy me, cried one and all! Balls thrice a week—the ladies appeared more brilliant than ever, expecting to allure this nonpareil stranger; but their good genius protected them from his snares.

At length he took an excursion to a distant town of gaiety. There lived in that town a very rich and benevolent Jew, whom I shall disguise under the name of S——, who wishing to have the honor of entertaining so exalted a personage under his roof, gave Mr. Burnet a kind of invitation to take up his abode with him. It was accepted—great ceremony was observed on the occasion; a large room was cleared for a ball; dancing ladies and gentlemen were invited—all charmed and fascinated by Mr. Burnet. Consider yourself as in a father's house, my dear sir, said old S——: my cellars are well stored with good wine; all things in plenty; pray make

free. Company invited—all gay and debonair; but, alas! not to last long. One dance more, the curtain drops, and the scene is closed. The dance went merrily on, and Mr. Burnet never appeared more engaging; when, O sorrowful to relate, down he falls in a fit! The ladies screamed out, and the company, all alarmed, pitied poor Mr. Burnet, dispersed, and the dance was at an end. By this time old S—— returned home, his pockets loaded with money, and having emptied them in his sanctum sanctorum or bed chamber, where all his riches were deposited, and hearing of the disaster of Mr. Burnet, hastened to his relief—found him speechless, extended on the floor; had him carried into his bed room and gently laid in his own bed. The doctor sent for—felt his pulse—ordered quiet in the house—to-morrow he will be better, if not disturbed. Servants, attend to the doctor's orders at your peril! was the command of S——, who, being drowsy, was necessitated to find another bed. A lighted lamp was put in the room and the door shut. Tom observed all these manœuvres, and took advantage of the auspicious moment to make his fortune at once; out of bed he gently slid, and with his pick-locks quickly laid open the old gentleman's treasures—gold in abundance within his grasp—he could not take it all away, but contented himself with filling his pockets, took up the lamp, went softly down stairs, opened the door, hid his money and pick-locks and returned to his bed undiscovered. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table, with a smiling countenance, gay and lively as ever, and had company visiting and congratulating him on his recovery. Soon after this old S—— having a call for money, up he goes, opens his strong box, and observing a great hole made in his money, roared out, Wife, Wife! what has become of my money? Lord bless me, said the wife, I know not; you keep the keys. O what an uproar in the house. I am ruined—undone—ten thousand pounds at least, have I been robbed of, and who could have robbed me, but Mr. Burnet? O, for mercy's sake, cried Mrs. S——, say not that, or our house will surely be pulled down on our heads, and we shall be killed; better say nothing about it, my love.

This narrative, though it may appear strange, is nevertheless true. Ladies, let this warn you against appearan-

ces—many wolves in sheep's skins, are prowling for prey.

### DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a Will o' th' wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, nor understood.

### ON JEALOUSY.

O, beware, my Lord, of jealousy:  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

OTHELLO.

IT is universally admitted, that one living example is a better instructor than all the precepts of the schools, and leaves more lasting impressions on the mind than a thousand orations: the one may inform the judgment, but the other affects the heart; and he will do but little for the cause of virtue, by declaiming against vice, who cannot produce the original of the picture which he holds to our view.

Aristea was a woman of refined sensibility, of engaging manners, and, it is but justice to add, the nicest and most scrupulous observer of honor and fidelity. She had been married fifteen years to the man she loved, and had felt the first years of her union with him pass in the almost uninterrupted enjoyment of his love and favor, respected by her



friends, and cheered with the prospect of happiness. But pleasure has always its pains, and purity its enemies; and it fell to the lot of Aristeia to give another proof to the world, that the best cannot escape censure, nor the wisest disappointment.

She had received some slight attention from a gentleman of her husband's acquaintance, which was passed over by her only as a mark of common politeness, and forgotten as soon as paid. Not suffering a thought to wander astray from her duty, she never dreamt that such an incident could ever be productive of the sorrow that followed: but there is too often an evil genius born with some, and an envious demon conjured up, at a more advanced period of life, to injure others.—Aristeia felt the truth of this observation in the person of Malevola, who, having long envied her those marks of respect which her worth generally received, determined to employ this circumstance to the basest of purposes, and to effect her ruin. With this view she easily found admittance to the ear of Aristeia's husband; repeated the story with all the exaggerations of malice; and so disfigured the truth, that she left him the most wretched of men, with the fullest belief of his dishonor. The eye of jealousy can easily discover a fault or extenuate a virtue; and, like the glass of a philosopher, can magnify a grain of sand which the wind of Heaven may have left on the snow of Atlas.

Having his mind poisoned with suspicion, and once set on doubting the fidelity of his wife, no means were left untried to prove her guilt: he misconstrued all her words, misapplied all her behavior, and began to account for every part of her conduct on the most shameful principles; even her endearing expressions of tenderness were considered only as so many charms to lull his suspicions to rest. He forgot her value, spurned at her attentions, and neglected her love; whilst the "still, small voice" of Virtue, which now and then whispered to his conscience, was unheard amidst the agonizing torture of a wounded spirit.

Aristeia soon observed an alteration in the conduct of her husband; that he frowned in her presence, and disturbed her repose with crosses and insults; but, conscious in innocence, she was not aware of being herself the cause, or of

designedly withdrawing from him the cup of pleasure: he neglected to share it with her as usual, and at length it changed to a cup of pain.

The reflection that she was once dear to him, served only to heighten the distresses of the reverse of fortune, to deepen the gloom of her retirement, and embitter the innocent amusements of life. Her relations forsook her; and Malice, poisoning the air with his breath, spread the contagion to the friends of her bosom: she was refused admittance into their company; or if ever indulged the favor, some cruel reflection pointed to her heart; and the nerve of sensibility, struck by the remorseless hand of family pride, vibrated with anguish. I have seen her heart pierced, and her head giddy, with the painful sneers of pride and insolence, and her playful children catch her melancholy, and number sob for sob!

The eldest of her daughters was a faithful companion in all her sorrows, sought every means of alleviating her distress, and was the only being who addressed her in the voice of tenderness. The commands of a husband had long ceased to be tempered with the affectionate expressions of a lover, and his appearance clouded that countenance with woe, which once could never smile without him.

She beheld herself left alone in the world, without support, whilst even those persons who were once so warm in their professions of respect for the calumniated Aristeia, now deserted her; and, rendered callous by the falsest notions of honor, denied her the commiserating tear of pity, and refused to espouse her cause. Wrung with anguish, and desponding, life became a burden too heavy to bear, and she faded like a flower that has felt the rude hand of winter. Her miseries brought her to the grave in the prime of life, and it is generally reported that she died broken-hearted.

The husband of Aristeia, when too late, became sensible of her innocence, was a long time inconsolable for her loss and now lives wretched and forlorn, continually cursed with the remembrance of his cruelty, and a sad example of the dreadful effects of jealousy.

We can never sufficiently deprecate the conduct of those who make it their

business to sow dissensions in a family, and to alienate from one another the hearts of the individuals who compose it; of those, who, because they cannot hope to enjoy the respect and happiness of their neighbors, would gladly reduce that respect, and that happiness, to the level of their own. To warn you of such, is the object of this tale; and it is recorded to instruct you, how fleeting are the joys of life; to tell you, how hideous is the monster, Jealousy; how transient is the little happiness that gilds the brightest hour of our day, and on how slender a thread our pleasures hang.

*Cirencester.*

P. H. F.

#### ON FEMALE FASHIONS.

*Addressed to the editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.*

**P**ERMIT me, Sir, to make a few animadversions on the extraordinary and most ungallant remarks which have of late appeared in the newspapers respecting the Ladies' Dresses.

Well may it be said—"The age of Chivalry is past," when so much is said against, and not one pen drawn in defence of, the Fair, in an affair so important to their *personal* interests: the men, really, seem to be quite out of humor with the Ladies: nothing can please them. Every variety of dress has been put in fashion of late years, and even the extremes of dress and undress have been tried, and yet will not do.

Some time ago, it was said that the female dress was at least two-thirds of the *person*, both in shape and weight: now we are told, that so little dress is fashionable, that a wardrobe is no longer an article to be found in a lady's possession; and that the Fair sex, like our First Parents, are "naked, and not ashamed." A variety of jokes, good-natured and ill-natured, appear every day on this subject: all tending to prove, that the gentlemen are more than usually difficult to be pleased, and yet will not honestly declare what they would have. These writers seem to be of opinion, that the original purpose of dress was, to resist the coldness of the climate:



and, therefore, they learn to talk like apothecaries about the danger of their cloathing. In a word; they think that cloathing is necessary, which, in most cases, I am disposed to deny; and that, for the following reasons:—

In the first place, dress was originally invented in warm climates, where it could not be necessary to counteract the effects of the air; and, secondly, it is certain, if we may believe many travellers, that it is not used in some cold climates, where, in our apprehension, there might be a necessity for it. In general, at this day, nations in a state of Nature, or Savages, as we call them, have little or no dress; and what little they do wear is evidently from choice, and not necessity. But, what is more to my purpose, it is certain that our ancestors wore no dress. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, we are told, the Ladies met him *naked*, with their faces painted.

Now, I apprehend that our climate is pretty much the same at this time that it was then. These arguments shall suffice to prove that Dress is not natural or necessary; and if they are agreed to, we shall proceed to trace the origin of dress.——This, I am clearly of opinion, arose from a desire to please by a variety of ornaments: and you will observe, that all the changes in fashion (as far back as fashion can be traced) had no other object in view; and that, even at the beginning of this century, advances were made to *no Dress*, of a more alarming kind than have yet been among us. Now, if a desire to please be the object of Dress, we surely ought to take in good part those amendments and improvements which *marchands des modes* are every day introducing, and consider it as a very great compliment to our sex, that it appears necessary to throw out such an infinite number of baits and allurements before we can be caught. Or, if you chuse to view the matter in another light, you may regret the hardness of our hearts, which it requires so many expedients to mollify and bring into a train of sympathy and union. And, moreover, when we happen to see a progress made in *no Dress*, which is unfit for our climate, we ought, instead of censuring and reviling the sex, to applaud their courage and perseverance in a contest which must probably cost some lives; and our compassion ought to be raised to the greatest

height, when we hear of the ravages which asthmatic and consumptive disorders are making among the fairest part of the creation: and all for——what?

——For us men!——for us he-creatures——with our poultice-handkerchiefs——our pantaloons——our half-boots——and, our half-stockings——our half-wigs and cropped nobs!——*altogether* indicating the miseries which we have of late years brought upon barbers, buckle-makers, dealers in starch, cambrick, and other persons, half-ruin'd by our fashionable schemes of economy. Truly, Sir, when I think of any of the Fair sex suffering in pursuit of such animals, made up of odds-and-ends——every thing by halves, and nothing whole (not even a *great coat*)——I am filled with something more than sympathy; with something——which I shall not mention, because it may not be thought good manners.

Your's, &c.

MEANWELL.

#### ANOTHER HINT,

*On the foregoing subject.*

THE public is very ungrateful to our fair country-women. It seems never to be contented with the portion of charms they think fit to conceal, or to discover.——A reverend Divine lately expressed his indignation against naked elbows; and I have read the complaint of a public writer against net gloves. I recommend it, therefore, to the consideration of the Committee for Weights and Measures, whether a common standard could not be hit upon for Female Dress throughout the kingdom. It would not be necessary that every handkerchief and petticoat should be full *Winchester* measure, but that every Lady, whether tall or short, lusty or slender, should be obliged to wear a covering over the given part of a gross quantity of her beauty. What proportion the lawful charms shall bear to the contraband, might be settled by Commercial Commissioners, as well as the penalties for contravention; and an absolute prohibition might be made against the elbow, or any spot equally offensive to tender brethren. There might also be a tariff of indulgences or commutations, by which any fair trader, making

oath that she has retrenched the full space of an inch upon the bosom, or over the angle, shall be allowed a drawback upon the arm or the shoulder, *ad valorem*, on a scale to be adjusted upon the different importance of the commodities thus ware-housed or exposed.

#### NED SHUTER—COMEDIAN.

THIS truly humorous, and excellent, though sometimes *outré*, Actor, in the early part of his life, was engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, where his irregularities having, it is more than probable very frequently offended the Manager, he was sometimes sent upon the stage in parts by no means suited to his genius and talents. It will be recollected that the weeping Muse had no share in the composition of Shuter, whose appearance was an antidote to grief; yet he was, one night, appointed, to act the part of Balthazar, in *Romeo and Juliet*; a character which, though short, certainly required that kind of gravity of deportment which it was impossible for him, even for a moment, to assume. Garrick was the *Romeo* of the night; and as Shuter undertook the part with reluctance, he, it appears, resolved not to be speedily called upon to tragedize again; for in the tomb scene, where *Romeo* drives him away, and threatens to tear him joint by joint, and strew the hungry church-yard with his limbs," if he returns; to which Balthazar replies, "I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you." *Romeo*. "So shalt thou show me friendship—Take thou that—live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow." Shuter at this, looking up at the audience with that characteristic humor which he well knew how to assume, continued, in the words of the Author,

"For this same, I'll hide me hereabout:  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt;  
So I will go behind the tomb, and put the randle out.

The last line was an addition of his own: and it is almost needless to state the effect that his manner of reciting it had upon the audience. The burst of laughter, which almost shook the Theatre, banished sorrow for the remainder of the scene. When Balthazar again appeared, mirth was renewed: and it is said, this circumstance effectually prevented the Manager from sending Shuter on the stage in such parts in future.



## THE LAWYER AND BLACKSMITH.

A SHREWD son of Vulcan, applied some time since to an eccentric attorney, in a neighboring town, for his advice respecting some legal transactions, in which he was then engaged. The attorney with promptitude, which is generally excited by a prospect of gain, gave the desired information, and then, as the blacksmith was a neighbor of his, and had formerly been a domestic in his family, took the liberty to request his assistance in picking a lock of which he had lost the key. The blacksmith readily picked the lock, and shewed the attorney, by his desire, how he might do in future on a similar accident. By some unaccountable association of ideas, the picking of the lock brought up to view in the attorney's mind, his want of a wife. He told his neighbor, that during a long course of celibacy, he found it very uncomfortable living alone, and, if he could find a woman like his sister Betty, (an odd old maid vexed that her charms should bloom and wither untasted and unattempted) he would even venture on wedlock. He added, that he should be obliged to him, if he would look out, and endeavor to find a woman with the properties of the before named Betty, and give information of his search. The blacksmith premised he would, and then departed.

A few months after, this limb of the law exhibited an account of 12s. against the blacksmith, for his advice, and requested payment—it was refused—and the delinquent summoned soon after to appear before a justice, and answer to the suit of the attorney. The blacksmith appeared and exhibited the following account, which had been previously filed against the lawyer:—

Sept. 11, 1788. Mr. — to — Dr.	
To picking a lock for him.	£0 3 0
To showing him how to pick one,	0 3 0
To horse hire, time and trouble in a fruitless attempt to find a woman like his sister Betty,	0 6 0
	£0 12 0

The attorney, abashed, confounded, and mortified at his procedure, which exposed him to satire and ridicule, and the defendant threatening that he would carry the matter before the court of

common pleas, was glad to discontinue the action, give up the debt, and pay the costs of suit himself.

## SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A SINGULAR instance of love at first sight occurred lately. A gentleman passing in his chariot early in the morning, was struck with the appearance of a smart girl, washing the steps of a door-way—he stopped and having entered into five minutes conversation with her persuaded this *Nymph of the Mop* to step into the carriage with him in her *drifting state*, and the next morning conveyed her in better trim to the church, and married her!

A Fellow lately brought before a magistrate in London on a charge of an assault, candidly acknowledged that he had a hand in kicking the plaintiff down stairs.

At the Guildhall Sessions, T. Robinson, a printer's apprentice, was convicted of *biting the faces* of two girls, whom he met in the street and pretended to kiss. The prisoner made no defence, and was sentenced to a years imprisonment in Newgate.

London Mag.

A Country Schoolmaster's description of a Money-lender.—A money-lender serves you in the *present tense*—he binds you in the *conditional mood*—keeps you in the *subjunctive*—and ruins you in the *future*.

When Voltaire was sent a challenge by the famous physician *Alembert*, he replied:—He is welcome to attack me with his *squirt*: but I will not fight with pistols, since *lead* will *assimilate* with his brain, but it will *destroy* mine.

A Barrister, as remarkable for *pleasantry* as a good appetite on hearing it

remarked what a quantity of ham he had eaten at breakfast, observed, that he had only been taking *extracts* from *Bacon's abridgement*.

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 30, 1804.

## LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 24 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 13—dysentery 2—apoplexy 1—putrid sore throat 1—worms 1—sore throat 1—dropsy 2—small pox 1—decay 1—and 1 disorder not mentioned.

Of whom 17 were adults, and 7 children.

Lexington, (Ken.) June 12.

We have been informed, that on the 5th inst, a negro man was sent down into Col. Johnson's salt well, at Grant's lick, on licking river, for the purpose of bringing up a bucket, which had fallen from the rope. Finding a light necessary, a candle was sent down to him when the air in the well immediately took fire and the flame ascended ten or twelve feet above the mouth of the well. After the fire was extinguished, the negro was taken up, burnt in a most shocking manner, and it is supposed that he cannot long survive this unhappy accident. The air in the well, it is believed, consisted of a mixture of Hydrogenous gas with atmospheric air. The Fire damp, well known to miners, takes place in the same way—Great quantities of sulphurated hydrogenous gas are continually rising from many of our salt wells and springs.

At a meeting of the chiefs of the Seneca Nation of Indians, lately held at the Buffalo, (Genesee county) Pissant, an Indian belonging to said tribe, was accused of being guilty of the practice of *Witchcraft*. He was tried, and con-



demned to suffer death, and on the 4th inst. was executed.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Sunday morning a party of five or six went to bathe at Corlaer's-Hook, when one of them, named John Cavan, a native of Downpatrick, Ireland, probably unacquainted with the rapid declivity of the spot where he entered, went out of his depth immediately, and after some unsuccessful struggles to reach the shore, sunk to the bottom. His body has not yet been found.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

*Full Dress.*—1 A long round dress of white sarsnet, trimmed round the bottom with blond lace, the sleeves trimmed with lace, and looped up in front with silver cord and tassels. Turban of white muslin, ornamented with white ostrich feathers.—A short round dress of white crape, spangled with silver.

*Walking Dresses.*—A plain dress of white muslin, with a blue sarsnet spencer; large straw hat, tied down with a blue ribbon.—2. Dress of white muslin; a short pelice of lilac sarsnet with white sleeves. Straw hat turned up in front.

*Nine Heads.*—1 A Turban of white satin, ostrich feathers in front.—2. A cap of white satin and colored crape, ornamented with a rose in front.—3. Hat of pink velvet, trimmed and tied down with ribbon of the same color.—4. Turkish shawl, pinned up as a turban.—5. Turban of white muslin, the crown of white satin, with a very long end over the left side.—6 cap of sarsnet and blond lace, ornamented with a flower in front.—7. Cap of blue sarsnet, trimmed with a very deep lace round the edge.—8. Cap of of blond lace, flowers in front.—9. Cap of sarsnet and lace.

*Observations.*—The prevailing colors are lilac, green, and yellow. Straw hats of a Spanish shape, plain, or ornamented with flowers, are much worn. Dresses are still worn very short wasted, and very low in the back and over the bosom, with lace tuckers for dress; and with fine worked muslin habit shirts trimmed with lace for undress.

WILL BE PUBLISHED,  
IN THE ENSUING WEEK,  
A CORRECT LIST OF ALL THE  
PRIZES DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY,

NO. 2, FOR THE PROMOTION  
OF LITERATURE IN THIS CITY.

FOR SALE AT THE VISITOR OFFICE,  
No. 102, WATER-STREET.  
AND BY JOHN TIEBOUT NO. 232,  
WATER-STREET, NEW-YORK.



Married,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. James Sterling, merchant, to Mrs. Jane Griffith, daughter of Wynant Van Zandt, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Jacob Bausher, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson, both of this city.



Died,

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall, wife of Mr. Jeremiah Marshall, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Rachel Waring, wife of Mr. Thomas Waring, of this city.

TO THE LADIES

A soft clear and delicate skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lilly Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.  
Price One Dollar.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antisorbative TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LA TOUR'S  
Register and Intelligence  
OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	Laborers, &c.
Apprentices,	House-keepers,
Farmers,	Wet Nurses,
Gardeners,	Dry Nurses,
Coachmen,	Seamstresses,
Footmen,	Chamber-Maids,
Cooks and } on board	Women cooks, &c.
Stewards } Vessels,	

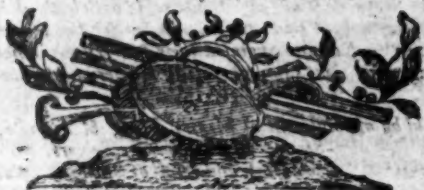
Theatre.

On Wednesday Evening, July 4.  
Will be presented, a Play called, the  
Glory of Columbia.

To which will be added the grand new Pantomime of  
BLACK BEARD.



## THE VISITOR.



## A TALE.

**T**OM HOGGARD was a waggish lad,  
As any in the village:  
And three lean steads were all he had,  
For riding, draft and tillage.

With faggots to the neighboring town  
Oft crept his creaking waggon,  
While slow, along the dusty down,  
Behind the swain would lag on.

And always, as that road he pass'd,  
A bonny scot would meet him,  
With weighty pack his shoulders grac'd,  
And thus was sure to greet him:

'Ho! Joskin, laddy, what d'ye buy?  
I've muslins choice and plenty,  
Lawns—laces—cambrics—purchase, try,  
I warrant I'll content ye.'

Thus once or twice a week at least,  
He found himself embarrass'd,  
And studied hard to turn the jest  
On him who teas'd and harrass'd.

One day, as usual, on his road,  
He met the merchant toiling;  
And hail'd him thus, 'Man pitch your load,  
And cease from your turmoiling;

I want an article or two,  
Come, let us see your treasure,'  
'Aye, said the Scotchman, that I'll do,  
And that wi' muckle pleasure.'

With this the lumbering pack he pitch'd,  
First loosen'd from his shoulders,  
With wealth of either Ind enrich'd,  
The wonder of beholders.

With two brown hands upon the lid  
Tom stood, and lean'd him over,  
While Sawney rummag'd every lid,  
Its beauties to discover.

He held his pieces to the sun,  
And claiming due attention,  
His chapman told, of every one,  
The praise he scarce could mention.

'Nor this, nor that, Tom coolly cried,  
Will suit my inclination.'  
The trader's smile his heart belie'd,  
That tankied with vexation.

'But tell me plainly what you want?'  
The testy Scotchman grumbled,  
'Why—what your walking ware-house han't,'  
The crafty Thomas mumbled.

Then added with a sneering smile,—  
'Your search, you may forbear it;  
I wanted—a pore waggon wheel,  
But you ha' nothing near it!'

## THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

## AN ORIGINAL ODE.

*Written by R. T. Paine, jun. esq.*

*And Sung at the Anniversary Celebration  
of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire So-  
ciety, by Mrs. Jones.*

**T**HE Street was a Ruin, and Night's horrid glare  
Illumin'd with terror, the face of despair;  
While houseless bewailing,  
Mute pity assailing,

A MOTHER's wild shrieks pierc'd the merciless air,  
Beside her stood EDWARD, imploring each wind,  
To wake his lov'd sister, who lingered behind;  
Awake, my poor MARY,  
Oh! fly to me, MARY,

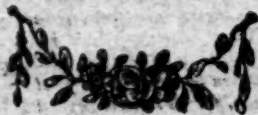
In the arms of your EDWARD, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd smoke  
Crackling between the parting rafters broke;  
Thro' the rent seams the locked flames aspire.  
All, all, is lost—the roof's on fire; the roof's on fire.

A flash from the window brought MARY to view,  
She scream'd as around her the flames fiercely blew;  
Where art thou, Mother!  
Oh! fly to me, Brother!  
Oh! save your poor MARY, who lives but for you!  
Leave not poor MARY,  
Ah! save your poor MARY.

Her vision'd form decrying,  
On wings of horror flying,  
The youth erects his frantic gaze,  
Then plunges in the maddening blaze!  
Aloft he dauntless roars,  
The flaming room explores;  
The roof in cinders crushes,  
Thro' tumbling walls he rushes!  
She's safe from fear's alarms;  
She faints in EDWARD's arms.

Oh! NATURE, such thy triumphs are,  
Thy simplest child can bravely dare!



## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS.

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,  
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piana  
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to  
any that have been imported, as they are made after  
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and  
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often  
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.  
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with  
neatness and accuracy.

## TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers  
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has  
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-  
citing also the patronage of the public, informs, that  
he has removed his School to No. 17, Banker-Street  
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A  
Tutress will attend in said School for the purpose of  
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.  
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-  
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-  
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish  
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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